

Jan. 28, 1974 Monday
6:P. M.

Dear Vicki and Jim,

Dad went to work today on the new job and I am anxious to hear how he got along. We had to get up at 6:30 and he left right after seven o'clock but we liked the early hour as it was getting too easy to stay in bed every morning until we felt like getting up. I am feeling fine now so it is easy to get up and get the main work done while it is still early.

We played in the bridge tournament at the Holiday Inn this weekend but we didn't have any winning games. It makes us mad at ourselves because we just made stupid mistakes. In the tournaments even two mistakes will usually keep players out of the top four places.

Stella and Harold went to Aunt Ruth's 50th birthday party Saturday night and Stella said it was a huge success. There were from 100 to 175 people there and Uncle Jim furnished all the liquor and Stella said there just was no end to it. There also was lots of food which the different women brought. Gary has a dance band and his band played all evening and Stella said it was just wonderful. Gary plays the drums and the guitar and the piano and his band plays for different organizations on Saturday nights. I think that is pretty good since he has had no lessons except what grandma gave him on the piano. He also is still working at the store and likes it better now.

I should go to my Swedish class tonight but I don't think I will because dad isn't home yet and I want to hear about his job. Yesterday was our 34th wedding anniversary and we had a nice day. We went for a long walk and had a gourmet dinner at home with delicious steaks and salad.

Jayne and Bob are coming this week-end but I think I already told you that. Anyway I don't mind, now that I am feeling good.

We are having heavy wind storms and the news just came on that the

Evergreen bridge has broken and will not be repaired until some time tomorrow so poor dad is stuck in the traffic some place along there. The traffic will pile up so fast and there will be no way to turn around and get to Bellevue some other way so I wonder when he will get home. It has been a long day for him. At least I won't have to feel guilty about not going to my Swedish class tonight. I am sure he will get home before I mail this letter tomorrow so I will be able to tell you how he made out.

Love, Mom.

Dad made it home, a little late, but he was lucky. Just before he turned in to the home for the bridge, he heard the news on the radio, so he was able to continue on straight, and got home by the Lake City North End way.

His job is interesting, altho the office isn't delicate like he is used to. Two of the men are deaf and mute so they talk to each other with the sign language. One is an architect and the other one is a draftsman.

Dad has gone to bed but I am watching television and waiting for the news to hear if the bridge will be open in the morning.

Love,
Mom,
